

**GOLD**  
  
**KEY**

**HUCKLEBERRY HOUND**

**15c**

**HANNA-BARBERA**

# Huckleberry Hound

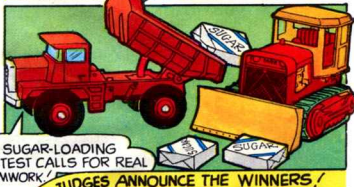
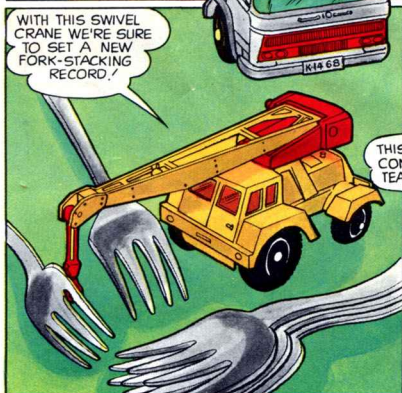
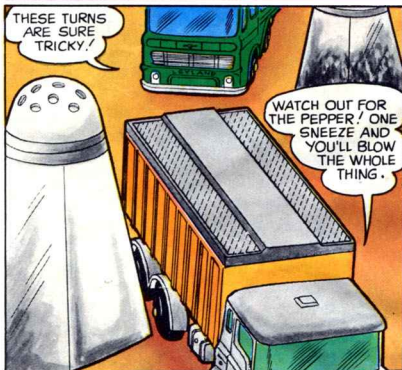
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JANUARY



# MIGHTY "MATCHBOX"®

TABLE - TOP ROAD-EO

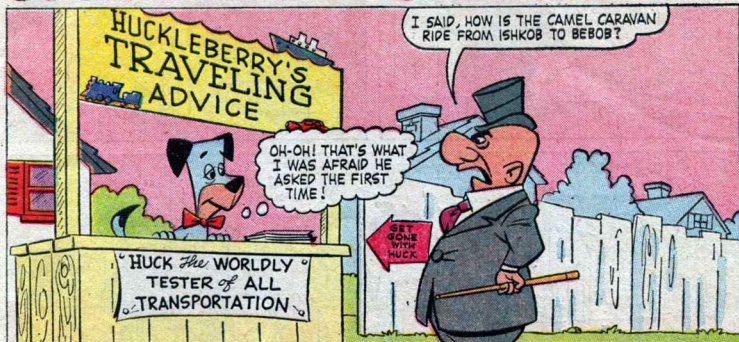
THE JUDGES ARE READY  
FOLKS! OUR EXCITING  
CONTEST OF "MATCHBOX"  
TRUCK DRIVING SKILLS IS  
UNDER WAY!





# Huckleberry Hound

# HUMPTY BUMPTY

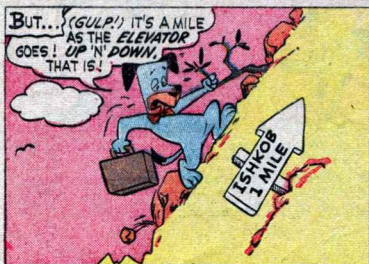


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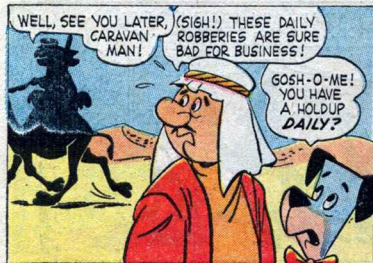


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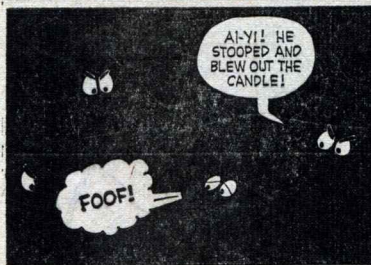


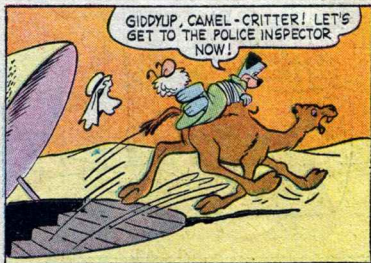






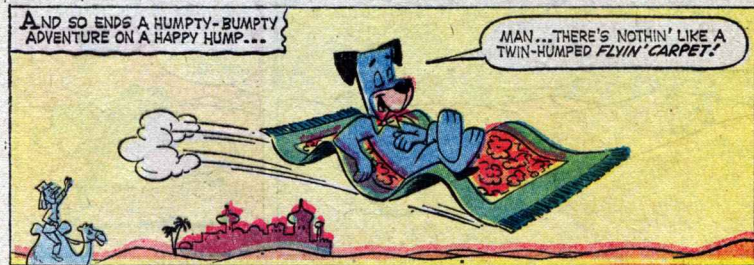
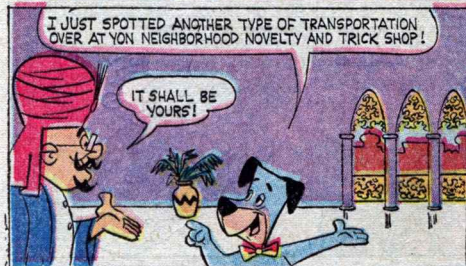
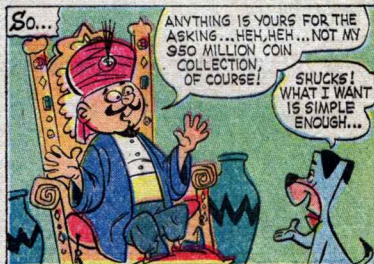
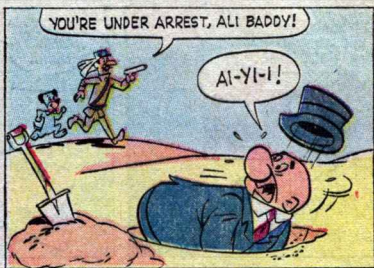








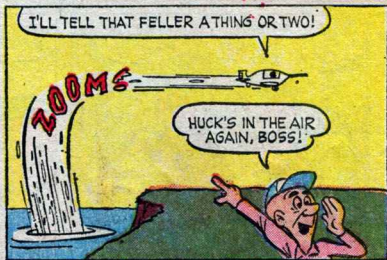
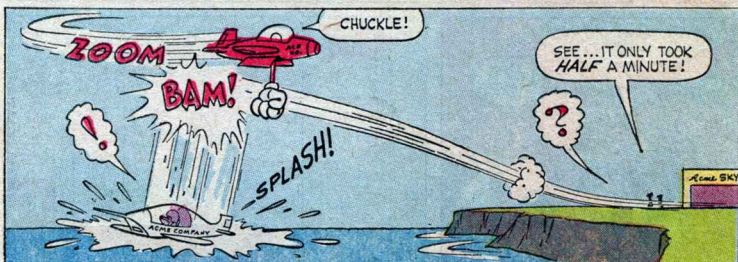




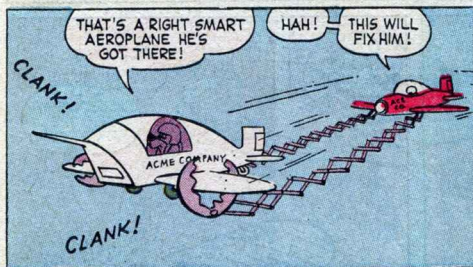


# Huckleberry Hound SKY WRITER FIGHTER

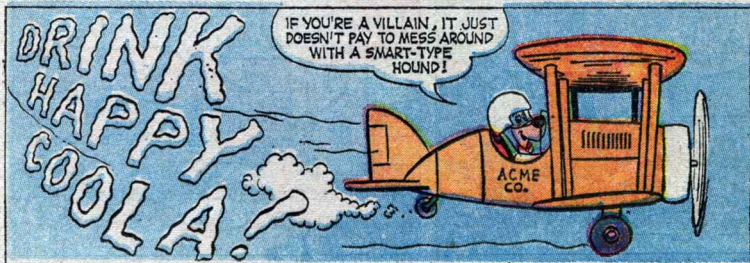
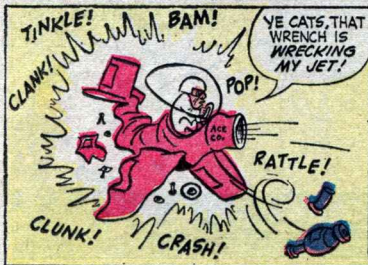
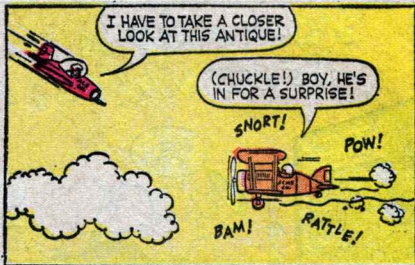














# This year, look what you get with your Banana Splits on NBC-TV!

**NEW!**

**THE  
HECKLE AND  
JECKLE SHOW**  
YOU'LL GO OUT OF  
YOUR BIRD WITH  
**THESE TWO**, JOINED  
BY POSSIBLE POSSUM,  
GADCAT AND JAMES  
HOUND...SOME  
FLOCK!



**NEW!**

**H.R. PUFNSTUF  
(THE FRIENDLY  
DRAGON) —**  
PUFNSTUF SURE  
HELPS ENUF WHEN  
HIS BEST  
FRIEND JIMMY  
OUTSMARTS THE  
WICKED  
WITCH!



**NEW!**

**HERE COMES THE GRUMP**  
— AND YOU BETTER WATCH  
OUT! HE CHASES TERRY AND  
THE PRINCESS ALL OVER  
FANTASYLAND...WHAT A  
GRUMP!



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Be sure to see them all, along with the nutty fun of the Banana Splits Adventure Hour, back for a second fra-a-a-ntic year!

**SATURDAY MORNING THE PLACE TO BE IS NBC!**

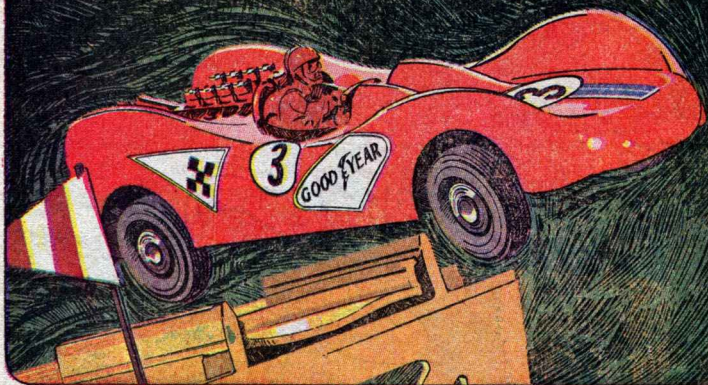
NBC



**Starting Sept. 6—see your newspaper TV page for channel number**



# GO SPEEDY WHEELS!

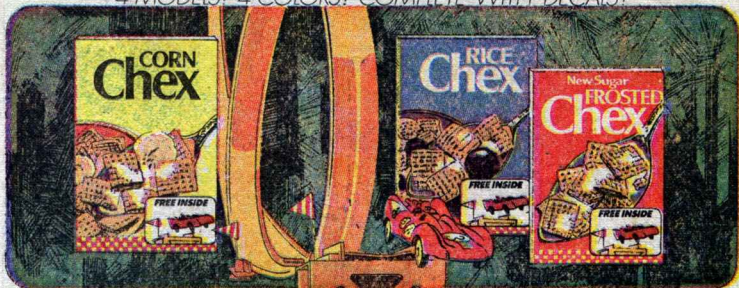


Get a Speedy Wheels Racer

**FREE**

in special boxes of Chex!

4 MODELS! 4 COLORS! COMPLETE WITH DECALS!

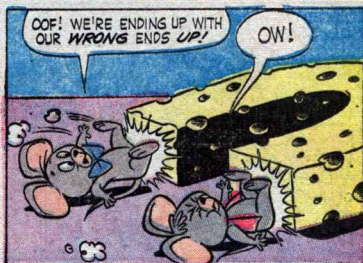
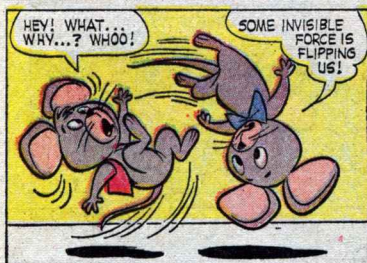


Get a Speedy Wheels Action Track **FREE**, too.  
Details on back of specially marked Chex packages.

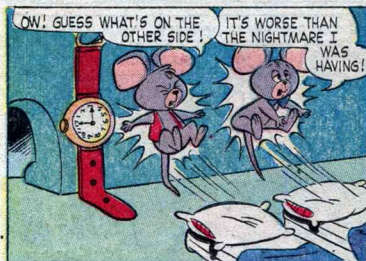
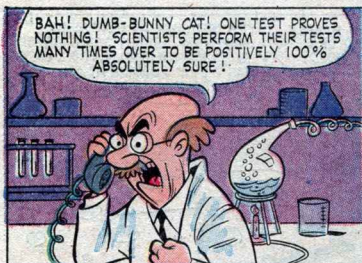
**PIXIE, DIXIE  
and  
MR. JINKS**  
the  
**TRICKY  
TREAT**

OH, DROOL-A-POOL! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THAT JINKS WOULD LEAVE A BIG TREAT LIKE THAT UNGUARDED!

IT'S GOT SUCH AN UN-CHEESY SHAPE, TOO... BUT IT WON'T MATTER TO MY HUNGRY TUMMY, AND I JUST CAN'T STOP ZOOMING AT ALL THAT YUMMY!









AND FINALLY...

WELL, THAT'S TEST NUMBER *ONE HUNDRED!* HEH!

HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW, MOUSES?

LIKE A H-HUNDRED!

KA-BOOM!



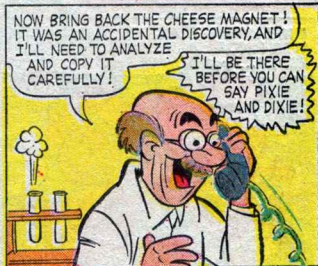
GOOD NEWS, PROFESSOR! ONE HUNDRED SUCCESSFUL MOUSE-MAGNETINGS SHOULD BE PROOF-POSITIVE!

YES! THAT'S JUST DANDY!



NOW BRING BACK THE CHEESE MAGNET! IT WAS AN ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY, AND I'LL NEED TO ANALYZE AND COPY IT CAREFULLY!

I'LL BE THERE BEFORE YOU CAN SAY PIXIE AND DIXIE!



HEH! I'LL DONATE YOUR TWO MISERABLE MEECES TO SCIENCE! MAYBE THE PROFESSOR WILL PROMOTE YOU TO *CAREER LAB MICE* FOR TESTING OTHER STUFF, LIKE MEDICINE!

(GROAN!) WE COULD USE SOME MEDICATION IN CERTAIN AREAS!



WELL, PIXIE, OLD PAL ... I'D GIVE YOU A FAREWELL HANDSHAKE IF WE COULD REACH!

HMM... JINKS TALKED ABOUT LAB *CAREERS* FOR US ...HMM...



SAY, HOW ABOUT *YOUR FUTURE CAREER*, JINKS?

HUH? WHAT'CHA MEAN, MOUSE?

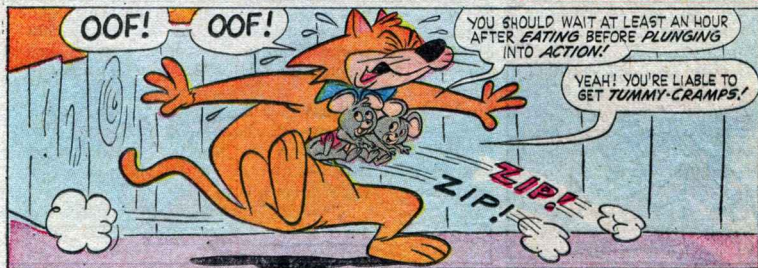


I MEAN THAT THIS *MOUSE MAGNET* INVENTION WILL *END* YOUR CAREER! WHO WILL WANT A *FUZZY OLD FELINE* AROUND WHEN THIS INVENTION HITS THE MARKET?

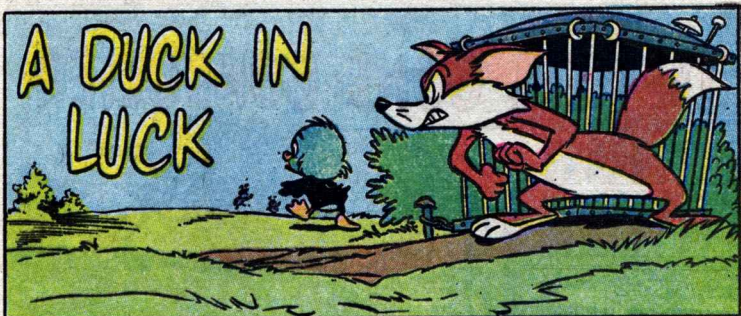
THAT'S A HORROR THOUGHT!







# A DUCK IN LUCK



"Hey, Foxy, whatever are you doing inside that funny-looking cage?" Biddy Buddy quacked good-naturedly.

Foxy Fox looked embarrassed and stammered, "W-Well, I was just . . . uh . . . trying to invent something, and . . . uh . . . I got myself locked inside here."

Foxy thought to himself, "I can't tell Biddy Buddy the truth — that I'm just dying for a duck dinner, and that what I was inventing was really a trap to catch him."

"Biddy," Foxy pleaded, "please unlatch the cage door so I can get out."

"Be glad to," Biddy agreed. And upon doing so, he waddled off toward the meadow, down where the big trees with the hanging vines grow, down where the June bugs play baseball.

"Why is it," Foxy growled to himself, "that I can never catch that duck? Why can't I have a delicious duck dinner? I can't stand it! I can't stand it! I can't!"

Foxy flung himself down in a poutish fit and beat the ground with his fists.

Finally he sat up. "I can't go on like this, and besides, my fists hurt! I'm a fox and supposed to be smart. There must be some way to catch that duck!"

"I've tried cages and traps and snares and tricks and treats and ideas, old and new," he moaned. "I've even thought of schemes in my dreams, but nothing ever works."

Foxy kicked at some ants who were drilling beside their anthill. "Guess I'll follow Biddy Buddy down to the meadow. Maybe I can think of a really clever scheme."

Crawling stealthily through a thicket, Foxy glanced down at the meadow. There was

Biddy Buddy, not only watching the June bugs play baseball, but acting as umpire and settling minor disputes that arose from time to time.

"I must have that duck," Foxy drooled. "If only I could swoop down silently from the sky like a bird." He paused. "That's it . . . like a bird!"

Quickly he loosened a vine that grew from one of the big trees nearby. "I'll swing down and grab off that duck. Since he's facing the other way, he'll never see me coming. Here goes!"

Down swung Foxy toward the unsuspecting Biddy. As he picked up speed Foxy called out, "Here I come you delicious duck, duck, DUCK!"

Just then Biddy Buddy said, "Did someone say 'duck'?" And so he did duck—just as Foxy passed harmlessly overhead, clawing wildly at the air. The momentum of the swing threw Foxy head-over-heels, and he crashed to earth with a dull, smashing thud.

Wearily Foxy got up. He shook his head till it stopped buzzing. Then as he slowly trudged away, Foxy Fox muttered to himself, "There must be an easier way to get a duck dinner. I guess I'll just go over to Joe's Diner down by the railroad tracks and buy one."

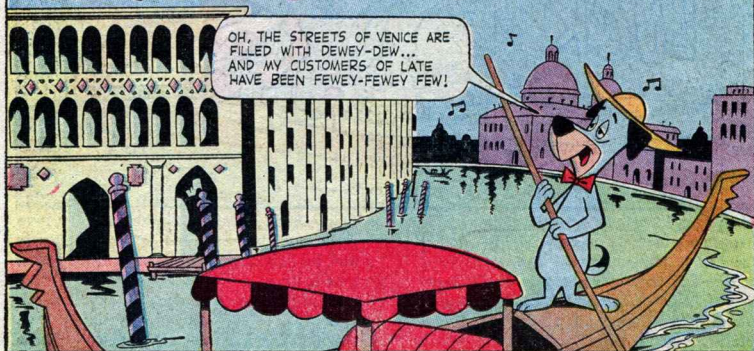
Meanwhile, Biddy was looking around. "Goodness me," he quacked, "I wonder what that strange thing was that zipped past my head just now? Oh, well," he shrugged, "it really doesn't matter."

"Come on, June bugs," Biddy Buddy called out happily, "now let's finish up the rest of that baseball game!"



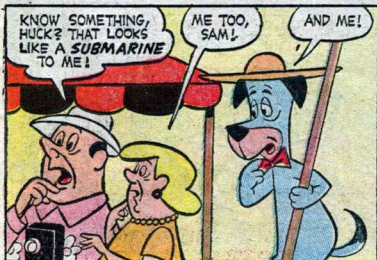
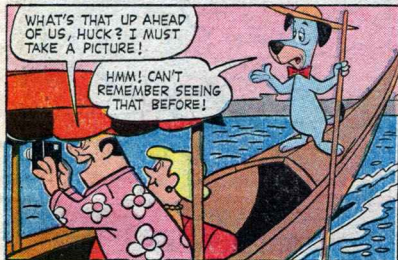
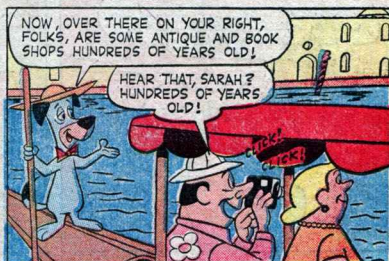
Huckleberry Hound

# The REAL GONE GONDOLIER

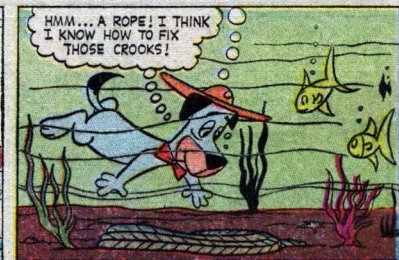


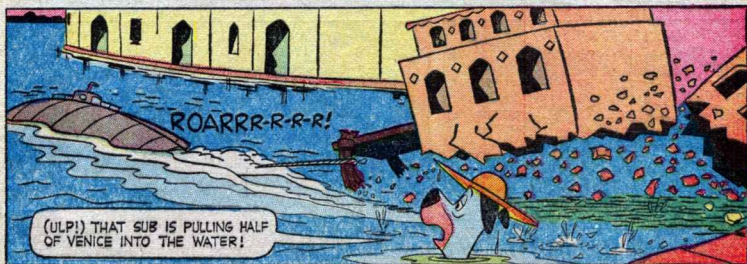
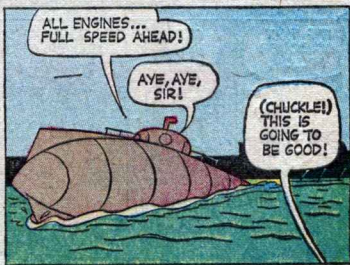
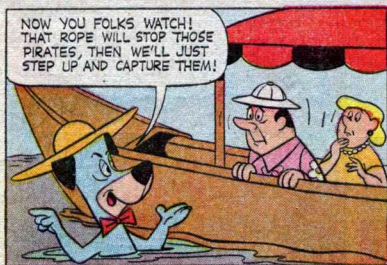
AHOY, GONDOLA!



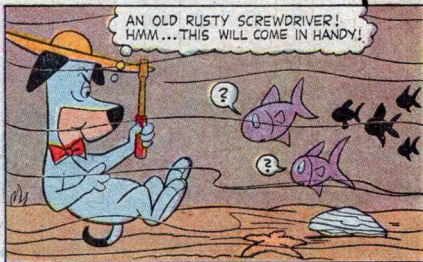






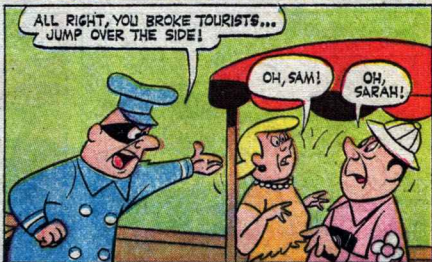








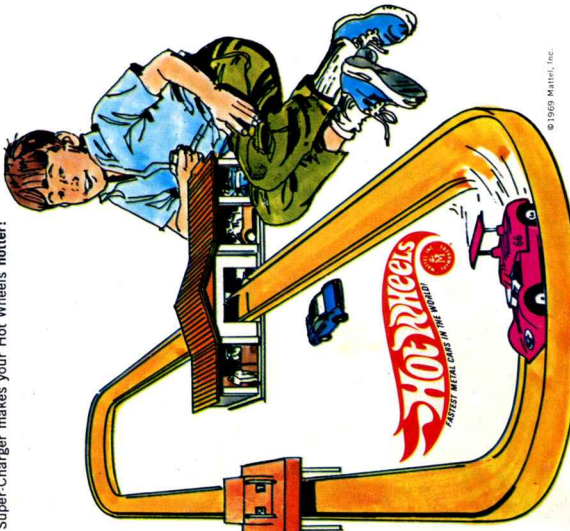




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Too little Power—and competition laps you. Real Grand Prix excitement as your Hot Wheels cars speed through the lap counter, lap after lap. See this Super-Charger Race Set and other Super-Charger Speedway Action Sets at your authorized Hot Wheels dealer. Super-Charger makes your Hot Wheels hotter!



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